THE EMERALD

AND BALTIMORE LITERARY GAZETTE.

MILLE TRAHENS VARIOS ADVERSO SOLE COLORES.

VOL. I. BALTIMORE....SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1828. NO. 29.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE EMERALD.

REFLECTIONS OF AN IDLE MAN.

No. VI.

The evening of the day, like the autumn of the year, is a season well adapted to pensive meditation. At this period the reflecting mind is apt to revolve over the scenes through which it has just passed. Another page has been added to the book of life, another leaf is closed upon the past for ever, but the events which are recorded on that page may not be altered or erased; they must stand in indelible characters, until the great day of criticism arrives;—happy then is he who can say of the volume of his transactions, that it contains "no line which dying he would wish to blot."

The last rays of the setting sun beamed on me a few evenings ago, as I loitered on Hampstead Hill—a spot beyond which my juvenile rambles were seldom extended. The southern range of this hill in my early days formed, and may yet for aught I know, the celebrated boundary twixt the town and point boys—here on Saturday afternoons was the scene of many a pitched battle. Few of those who were peaceable town boys, but remembers the dread with which they used to cross this spot, as they returned from fishing on the floating bridge, or gathering [illegible] in the vicinity of Canton. But as we grew up, these, childish freaks were forgotten, and those who had as school-boys but a short time previous, met each other in hostile array, were now found on the same spot, side by side, in an attitude more imposing and with spirits beating in unison, prepared to engage in a battle of a more serious character.

The remains of the intrenchment are still to be seen to remind us of the labours of the "patriotic diggers," and I long continue to give a sufficient degree of interest to Hampstead hill, to awaken the warmest feelings of every Baltimorean. From this hill, "as evening draws her silken curtains round," I have gazed on the fading spires of the city and thought on "the friends of my youth—where are they!" Like the objects toward which my eyes are turned they have gradually departed, "like radii from a centre they have diverged," and few comparatively of those who would be most interested in these reflections are now inhabitants of their native city. Most of our old and once extensive families, have had their numbers diminished, by that enterprising spirit which so peculiarly characterises the sons of Baltimore. "A prophet hath no honour at home" has been their motto, and in pursuance of this principle they have taken as it were the wings of the morning and flown to the uttermost parts of the earth." And the pages of the Emerald greet them in a land distant, and these humble reflections attract their notice, and they will learn that the scenes "by artless friendship blessed when life was new," have been revisited by one, who like themselves has long been an exile from those scenes endeared by early recollections, and who sends them his sincere wishes for the successful termination of their projects, and a speedy return to their native home.

The evening closes around and reminds me of a scrap I wrote some years ago, on a soft and silky tropical twilight, with which, if you please, I will conclude this number.

I sit just at the close of day,
Gaze on the ocean, watch the spray,
Think on my friends, who're far away,
Forget I'm here,
Deep wrapt in thought abroad I stray
To scenes more dear!

Oh! sweet delightful hour o' gloamin,
Fit time in fancy's fields for roaming,
With fond desire I watch your coming
As day-light ends,
For twelve long hours of bustling foaming,
You make amends.

To hearts who're sad you bring delight,
To weary hands you give respite,
Day's Indian-summer, calm twilight,
Serene and clear,
"Thou fairy web of day and night"
To all thou'rt dear.

The * dog-watch is the sailor's best,
The labourer hails the hour of rest,
The merchant's then no more oppress'd,
From toil retiring,
The world seems happy, still and blest
At day's expiring! B.

*From 6 to 8 P. M.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE ATLANTIC SOUVENIR FOR 1829.

CAREY, LEE AND CAREY, PHILADELPHIA.

This beautiful little annual is now before us; and having a leisure hour to spare, we shall give it a hasty glance. More than usual pains have been taken with the "getting up" of the Souvenir of 1829; the engravings are all on steel, and generally of the first order. The English Souvenirs have been finely *cracked* up for this some time past, but now we may safely say that those of America are in many respects equal, if not superior to the best of the transatlantic productions of the same nature. We say again that the engravings are of the first order, particularly, and first of all the "chapeau de paille," in which the lights and shades are finely contrasted. This was executed by Humphreys, from the chef d'œuvre of Rubens, now at Windsor Castle. It is certainly the finest effort of native talent in the book. Next to it there is a hard contest between "the lady of Ruthven," (by Longacre,) and "the unwelcome guest," (by G. B. Ellis,) both of which are entitled to considerable merit. "The Sisters" is stiff and formal, though there is an admirable *likeness* between them. The title page has much merit for its design.—"Love asleep" is well enough, but the sleeping beauty is not exactly the "Angelica," the poet speaks of. Of "the Glove," we say it is not without merit—still there is a want of grace, and one of the wild beasts looks as if it were Doctor Syntax's spectacles. "The Power of Love," from the painting in the possession of Paff of New-York, is a fine piece of engraving, by Durand. "Hesitation" possesses many faults, and is, withal a bad specimen. The "Shipwreck," by the same artist, looks a little better, but not so much as to possess merit; "the Contented Captive," by Ellis, is very fair.

As to the literary matter contained in the "Souvenir," it is generally tasteful, and many pieces are excellent.—We see among its catalogue of contributors the names of Hemans, Hallack, Willis, Percival, Sigourney, Paulding, M'Henry, Francis, Hale, Wells, &c. The opening song of a Greek Islander, by Mrs. Hemans, is beautiful.

Where is the sea?—I languish here—
Where is my own blue sea?
Where all its barks of fleet career,
And flags and breezes free?

I miss the voice of waves—the first
Which woke my childhood's glee;
The measur'd clime—the thundering burst,
Where is my own blue sea?

Oh! rich your myrtles' breath may rise,
Soft, soft your winds may be;
Yet my sick heart within me dies—
Where is my own blue sea?

I hear the shepherd's mountain flute,
I hear the whispering tree,—
The echoes of my soul are mute—
Where is my own blue sea?

"Love Asleep," though prettily told, is as much like "the most majestic poetry" blank verse, as

"When in the course of human events it
Becomes necessary for one nation," &c.

This sort of prosical poetry has become wonderfully fashionable of late;—Willis marshalled the American bards on, and away they go, without regard to rythm or any of the rules of poetry. The pieces which follow are full of taste, and would do credit to any similar European publication; "the deaf and dumb at prayers," "Seneca Lake," "I took my lute," and "April," by Willis. "Narantsack," an American story, is happily told—in the "Sun-dial's matins," second stanza, *sinking* is made to rhyme with *sinking*. "The Glove" is an old story in a new dress.—From the address to "Night" we extract the following fine thought—

"With thee the shadowy band,
Rise *remember'd music*, on our tears,
And vanish'd hope, whose arch of promise spann'd
The coming years."

The lines headed "*In cælo quies*," are well enough, saving the last verse, which says—

"When sickness *pales* thy cheek,
And dims thy lustrous eye."

"An old man revisiting the place of his youth"—is a chaste and touching piece of poetry; it concludes with the following:

"My brethren came not at my call; the song
My mother sang at twilight, is not heard
By the still threshold, and the passing wind
Sighs o'er my father's grave; this lonely place
Hath lost its charm—I leave it to its dead."

The other articles which we have not as yet had time to read with any degree of attention, are "a tale of Poictiers"—"Sonnet to Ambition," "the withered leaf," "Chapeau de Paille," "Stanzas," by L. W. Francis, "the Plague of Blood," "Bower of Content," "British Captives at Rome," "Benhadar," "the Last Days of Youth," "Borodino," and several others in prose and poetry. On the whole the Atlantic Souvenir of 1829, is worthy of liberal patronage, and we would be glad to see every young man, "who has a lassie," and one who is worthy of so pretty a present, buying for the approaching new year.

H.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE APOTHECARY.

"I do remember an Apothecary,
Whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones,
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes."

—— SHAKSPEARE.

At this thriving era of our young republic, when industry well applied always finds its due reward, 'twould be a rare occurrence to encounter a member of this useful class, as beggarly as the poison vender of the poet.

Even our *village apothecary* is not unfrequently "a rich fellow enough." Whether this success be owing to his own thrift, to the increasing diseases we swallow with our increasing luxuries, to our thickening population, or to all these, is not our present business to enquire. He is also to the community wherein he moves, one of its greatest benefactors. No one but himself knows, indeed, the innumerable *gratuities* of "*drap an' pill*," which pass through his hands to the pennyless invalid. His charities, are in fact as widely diffused, as the diseases they are designed to alleviate.

It should not be wondered at however, if gratitude does not invariably follow; if that during the ungenerous rebellion of a stomach under the influence of a vigorous emetic, certain sententious anathemas in the form of an occasional "damn," should be dealt upon all vile "doctor stuffs" individually and collectively.

It may be, too, that this debt of gratitude is lessened or should rather be transferred from the apothecary to the physician, as in cases where the latter has resigned his own profits of the pill-box upon condition that all *prescriptions* shall be honoured with or without remuneration. Compacts of the kind though rare may be found, and are mutually advantageous. For the faculty get rid of a troublesome drudgery, the profits of which, if in full practice, they can afford to lose; the poor are benefitted and our honest apothecary though seemingly *the sufferer* "kens fu' brawly" that he is a gainer, should he get paid for only one *dose* in ten. Such instances though, are too unusual to form an exception to the general benevolence of our hero.

Our village apothecary is always "the doctor," whether his bureau be enriched or not with a fifty-dollar *diploma;* nor do the polite grudge him the honour of a title which at least is as much his right as the "Esquire" now the finis to all epistolary superscriptions, whether to "Theban or Bezonian."

But to see the doctor in his glory, you should get the *entre* of his shop. This you can always have unsolicited, and it is here that, like a lion in his cage, the pleasure of contemplating his energies is the most unalloyed. You will walk in and feast your eye upon the goodly person of the individual himself, and though it may strike you that in regard to his material man, he is a luminary of peculiar eccentricity, you must needs be informed that his moral integrity is as fixed as Herschel. It were vain to expect in his physical construction much of the "grand contour of Michael Angelo," as the doctor is usually a very Justice Shallow in all that concerns flesh.

With respect to personal habiliments the professional over-garments are in the general drab or light grey. The shirt white, and always, when on duty, tucked well up under the coat sleeve, to avoid the soil of contaminating powders.

As we before remarked, his orbit is eccentric. Now, it may be, he watches the slow filtration of a dark liquid through a brown paper funnel, its superfices supported by four small flattened sticks of shingle, in about the relative position of the cardinal points; and now he decants from his little medicine scales a "fulminating dose" of calomel and jalap; anon you will find him spreading a plaister—and now peppers he the same with the pulverised carcasses of those cursed little green bugs called Spanish flies. Presently at your elbow another customer is dismissed with a little catere-ornered paper, twisted cunningly at one end, like a Spanish cigar, and resembling in form your cake table penny pie or bun. These are pills which the patient "will swallow with a little warm drink just before going to bed."

Let us give you an inventory of his shelves. Though in the first place, gentle reader, translate thyself in imagination if thou canst to a neat compact edifice situated at the S. E. corner of Church and Plymouth-streets, Maryville, county of Newport, state of Rhode Island, wherein resides Doctor Hippocrates Gravepatron. Very well—now dost thou inspire the circumambient atmosphere of our very "beau ideal" of village apothecaries. Here are no "beggarly account of empty boxes, or monstrous fishes and stuffed alligator skins." A green snake or so of delicate anatomy dead drunk in a transparent bottle of whiskey, with here and there, a two headed chicken and several huge worms of unpreposessing physiognomy, may peradventure adorn the front window. And on the topmost shelf, severe scrutiny might discover an unsystematic commingling of sundry representatives of the vegetable kingdom, (or "yarbs" as they would be termed in the nomenclature of the "honest, virtuous, civil" mistress Elizabeth Flannagan) but order reigns below.

Delight will brighten your eye, when you lower it to the next one. You will see rows of glass bottles, with air-tight stoppers of like material, well filled with acids and other liquids, of as various taste, hue and odour, as can be found within the confines of a Jew pedlar's perfumery basket. These have all a zone of gold leaf, on which is inscribed their name, and look as fine as so many doll-babies, in yellow waist ribbons—or those hand-in-hand bevies of little French dancing girls, who start into being at the magic touches of aunt Martha's scissors.

The "division of labour," or the principles upon which it is based, are rarely to be found in any village, in full practical development. Thus the same ingenious artisan who has shod your horse, shall, upon emergency, bleed him too—to say nothing of his pretensions as a lock-smith and gun-smith, which he ably sustains. The same cause turns our doctor's shop into a *variety store*. So that the next shelf may, like enough, show you a curious gallimaufry of surgical implements, such as pewter syringes, of various caliber, things with ivory handles, a glance at which suffices, if the spectator did ever lose a three pronged grinder, to close his mouth, as it were by instinct; spring lancets, thumb lancets, horse fleams, forceps, and sucking bottles——

"In short—a' doctor's saws an' whittles,
Of a' dimensions, shapes an' metals,
• He has them a'."

Now appear the patented gentry. These are all *infallibles*—from Turlington's Balsam to the Balm of Gilead. To blazon their virtues, I shall not aspire. Let it be remembered, however, that "none are genuine, except those having the initials of the maker's name."

Then comes something for the ladies—elegant rose soap, Windsor soap, transparent soap, elegant rose lip-salve, in little boxes, with pretty devices, Cologne water, and other waters, pomades, *huiles antique*, and "thine incomparable oil Macassar," elegant tooth-brushes, comb-cleaners, and patent penetrators,

"An' a' that, an' a' that."

The fifth and last shelf, brings us to a level with the counter, where portly bottles of sugar candy, excite the juvenal's salivary glands. They promote the circulation of small change, and are also mainly instrumental in relieving grandma' of her spare *fips*.

Below this, things assume a less interesting appearance. Drawers, with inscriptions, more economically abridged than mottos of ancient coins, the signification of which is as occult to all, save the doctor, as the Chinese hieroglyphics on our tea boxes, make up the account. Many costly drugs are, however, hid within the unguinly exterior of these drawers—coming, some of them, from countries far, far away—those favoured climes of heaven, where the glorious God of day pours his fires into bosoms, glowing as himself, and prints his first morning-kiss upon lips, that would tempt an Eremite "to kneel and worship there." Of these, is the manna of Arabia, once the bread of oppressed Israel, during the forty years sojourn in the wilderness of sin.

We ascend again, to notice certain articles of a balloon-like form, usually suspended from the joist, whose utility is well known to all medical gentlemen, and oldaty housewives. Their popular name is—bladder. There are those obtained from horned cattle, and those obtained from swine. The former are in highest esteem, for their superior tenaciousness—The latter are often received in barter for sugar candy, of little bare headed pedlars, at the rate of two for a fip—(the price for rabbit skins, my dear editor, when your "agreeable correspondent" was a boy.) Commonly they are to be seen in clusters of half a dozen or a dozen, and occasionally a wooden pipe or tube is discernible in the neck of one, cautiously lashed with thread, which the doctor has inserted to denote their use. It is not improbable though, that it is the result of some idle urchin's ingenuity, with a shrewd calculation of enhancing the value—and in that case, "my dukedom to a beggarly dernier," that the aforesaid wooden appendage is the identical elder pop-gun, once the darling of his heart, which the ungrateful young biped has thus thriftily shoved off.

Hard by, in more numerous groups, hang other globular forms, of a colour nearly black, and of miniature size. The technical appellation of the material whereof they are made, is gum-elastic—I am not acquainted with their medical properties; but, sir, if you love a good, lively ball, that shall bounce you breast high or so, nothing, not even sturgeon's nose shall put such aerial sprightliness into it, if I may so speak, as a good heart of Indian rubber. In consequence, about *ball time*, these articles are in demand. Quids, of the same, would often be the substitute for gum wax, but that the not-to-be-gulled younker knows too well their origin.

The more bulky things we take in the gross, and enter our catalogue in the concise phraseology of all constables, and would-be laconic advertisers, with "other articles too tedious to mention."

In conclusion, we will shake hands with the courteous reader, and merely remark, that if he should live in a village, (as we have lived and that "the loveliest of the plains,") and lack any thing for the comfort of his natural man, except it may be a dinner, bedding or apparel, let him hie to his apothecary. NOEL.

FOR THE EMERALD.

SCANDAL.

There appears to be a class of beings among us who believe themselves the most miserable wretches when they have nothing else to do than to mind their own business. They claim a *natural* right to scrutinize their neighbor's conduct, to invade the sanctuary of domestic peace, and to deal out characters by wholesale and retail. I candidly believe there are some of this order, who, if pent up within the walls of a prison and debarred all intercourse with society, would tell the spider the failings of the cricket or set the walls at loggerheads with the mortar which had for years united them.

It fell to my lot lately to be a listener to the private talk of several of the *Blue Stockings*, and so much was I disgusted with the shameful manner in which they stigmatized the reputation of their *dear* friends, that I several times endeavoured to escape from the purgatory into which I had unhappily fallen.

The company was made up of misses and madams; the former, doubtless, were pupils, as they appeared only to deal in *small talk*, such as stating that a female friend's cheeks were a little higher coloured than they should be: or that a certain Miss somebody need not endeavour to hide her fondness for a certain Mr. somebody, &c: things, apparently of very little moment, yet of very dangerous tendency. The more mature part of this praise worthy sisterhood soared in a higher sphere. There was not a character that came within the range of their missiles but was shot at, and torn to pieces with the most consummate cruelty!

There is a certain round about method of story telling, which, though not *positively* asserted, leaves a doubt in the mind of the listener whether credence should be given to it or not. An experienced slanderer will not boldly assail the reputation of her victim; she will twist and turn the tale about, dealing out inuendoes by scores; giving no authority but merely suggesting the probability of the thing. The weapon is pointed at the unfortunate victim, like the chimerical dagger of Macbeth, the hand that guides it being invisible.

I learnt many, very many wonderful *facts* by being an unobserved spectator of and listener to this conference of *angels*, as men are pleased to term them, (though I fear me much they are *fallen* ones.) Says Mrs. A. 'I don't presume to assert it as a fact, but I heard, mind you, I *heard* that Mrs. Q. did not live on the best terms with her husband; he being very much addicted to drinking, and she more so to the company of his clerk. Well, I am very sorry for it; she is a charming woman, but she is so volatile; every one allows her to be a lady of the most polished education; yet she is so pedantic! The miniature painter who took her likeness said he never could do her justice; I agree with him; but then the wicked expression of her eyes; and, it is said she paints. What a beautiful equipage she has! I should like to own her two dapples; yet, *folks say* there is a judgment pending over the whole establishment!—as for her sister, Miss K. she need not assume such smiles and graces as if she would win all the hearts in Christendom if she could; *it is* said that she is no better than she should be, and, you know, still water runs deep.'

Now, it happens that I am acquainted with this unfortunate family. Mr. Q is a man of sober habits, honest and upright; he is a doating husband, and an affectionate parent. His lovely wife has won (Heaven only knows how long it is to be held) the well-placed admiration of all who know her, by an urbanity of the most heart-winning cast, a strong adherence to virtue and morality, and that dignity of deportment which attracts admiration while it commands respect. Her sister, Miss K. is an open-hearted, generous girl, an ornament to society, and as clear of reproach as the fair bosomed lily blooming in a valley never polluted by the foot-step of man.

It is a pity, a great pity, that the envenomed breath of Calumny should for ever blast the domestic peace of this family; yet so it is to be. Tongue!—tongue! the flaming sword of the angel of Death, though it strikes millions to the earth, hath not a keener edge than thine! One motion of thine can place the living among the meanest of reptiles, or cast an eternal stigma upon the dry-bones that are reposing silently upon a pillow sought amidst the sun light of fame and the tears of nations." BENEDICT.

The following enigma has been presented to us for publication, which we cheerfully give to it. Any person who deems it worth his while to solve it, and succeeds throughout, shall receive the Emerald gratis for one year.—*Ed.*

FOR THE EMERALD.

ANENIGMA.

When the earth was without form and void, and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters, I was in the centre of the three who brought order out of confusion, and harmonized the planetary system. I was in the ark of Noah, when it rested on Mount Ararat, and with the dove when it returned with the emblem of a cessation of the waters. When the star of Bethlehem indicated to the shepherds of Israel the manger of the Son of Mary, I was there. I was on Calvary before the crucifixion. I was with Cæsar when he passed the Rubicon; with Hannibal at the foot of the Alps; with Scipio Africanus when he compelled the Carthagenians to deliver up all their elephants, and pay nearly two millions sterling. During the reign of one of the kings of Lydia, I was wedded to the fourth daughter of my father. So many are the uses to which I am applied, that I have seen poverty in its various distressing and heart rending scenes; am familiar with the grave—suffered imprisonment forty years with Eleanor of Bretagne, the lawful heiress of the English crown, upon the death of Arthur, in the reign of king John; with President Jefferson at the time his immortal spirit was hovering on the boundaries of two worlds, and just before his dissolution on the anniversary of the memorable day, which proclaimed a nation born, when he bequeathed his country to Heaven, and his daughter to his country. I was with the captain-general of the Greek army at the siege of Troy; with him who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," in the arduous struggles and privations endured in achieving that independence, which American freemen know so well how to appreciate; with the Irish patriot when he manifested such lively sensibility "to rescue his memory from undeserved reproach:" was in the hat of James Madison at Annapolis, when he visited the line of battle ship, which conveyed our late distinguished minister to Russia; was with the commanding general of the South, when he exclaimed on the Eighth of January, 'give it to them, my boys, let us finish the business to-day.' I have been known to elevate the poor to wealth, and the wealthy reduce to such extreme poverty, that instances of suicide have been brought about by me. In the celebrated Letters of Professor Carter, at the moment of sealing I held seven distinct characters. The ladies treat me with levity; the divine, in his aspirations to the throne of grace, with reverence and solemnity. I was conspicuous in the death of marshal Ney and the gallant Labedoyere; was with Blakely when he sunk the Avon and Reindeer. I am familiar with many of the inhabitants of the great deep, such as the whale, the dolphin, &c. When Missolonghi's self devoted victims were blown into the air, preferring death to captivity, I was triumphant there. At the funeral solemnities of Byron and Bozzaris, I attended. On the death bed of Addison, I shone with peculiar lustre, drew up the curtain which veiled futurity, and gave him a glimpse of the bliss to be enjoyed by the good man made perfect. I mantle in the roseate cheek of beauty, and even condescend to grace the coral and bells on the neck of infancy. At the Pass of Thermopylæ, I was third in command, and was with the only coward of the Spartan band, who fled to relate the fate of his comrades; and when he was stoned to death by women, I was there. Admitting that in this sanguinary battle, I had been so sobred as to require amputation—then am I a terror to the evil doer, and the safeguard of integrity in the actions of men and women. I am the principal of maritime intercourse, and act in the same capacity with the opposite quality of pity. With the ministers of the gospel, who visit the sick and the afflicted, I am there—and, when the orb of night, glides silently and majestically through the Heavens, I am there.

FOR THE EMERALD.

Mr. Editor—The editor of the "Hesperus" is informed that he *has* been imposed upon. The song of "*The Harp of Love*," was written by Halleck, for the play of the "Spy," dramatised by Clinch, of New-York, and published twice to the air of "Bonny Doon," and once to music, composed by Willis, of West Point, in 1819 or '20. The verses published in his paper, are slightly altered from the original; for instance, for "willow tree," read "moonlight *tree*." *H.*

SELECTED.

THE DREAM FULFILLED,

BY S. G. GOODRICH.

What are dreams—illusions of fancy or suggestions of prophecy? fleeting visions which pass over the mind, like clouds across the still lake, traceless and trackless, meaning nothing, and teaching nothing? or, are they shadows of coming events, light and transient as the mountain mist, but like that, foretelling the storm or sunshine that is to follow? these are doubts which the philosophy of ages have not been able to solve. Our story may, perhaps, throw some light upon the misty question.

Viviar was a youth envied by all around him as the favourite of fortune. He was rich, accomplished, handsome and beloved; but, alas! he was not happy. He felt the want of spirit which he did not know how to supply.—He looked abroad in nature, and felt its beauties with a vivacity almost amounting to rapture; but an uneasy sense of privation remained.

It seemed to him that there was something lost, or something not yet found, which was indispensible to his peace.

He rose in the morning, and ascended to the top of one of the highest hills, and looked over the broad landscape. In the silver rivulet, the waving meadow, the sloping woods, the golden morning, and the purple sunset, in all around him—he saw objects to delight, but none to satisfy him. Day after day he returned to his home, with the reflection, "These are indeed beautiful, but they only persuade me that there is yet something better than these."

One evening, as he was returning from his rambles, he approached the dwelling of a humble cottager, distinguished for his worth and wisdom. He was aged, and possessing no other fortune than a daughter of sixteen years, he still deemed himself rich, for she was dutiful, intelligent, and lovely. It was a beautiful night, and the moonbeams were woven with thick clusters of jessamine over the door and windows of the cottage. A sweet voice was heard—Vivian paused; it was the daughter of the cottager singing--

At misty dawn, at rosy morn,
The redbreast sings alone—
At twilight dim, still, his hymn
Hath a still and sorrowing tone.

Another day his song is gay,
For a listening bird is near,
O, ye who sorrow, come borrow, borrow,
A lesson of robin here.

Vivian frequently visited the cottage, and was ever a welcome guest there. As he entered it, Ellen, the cottage girl, met him and conducted him to her father. As he sat conversing with the good old man, his eyes stole often to the beaming face of the daughter. While he gazed upon her, her glance met his; her eyes were cast upon the ground, and the hues that came to her cheek, were those which sunset throws upon a white cloud. Vivian experienced strange and bewildering emotions, but he could not account for them. It did not enter his imagination that a simple cottage maiden could possess influence over the rich heir of a high and haughty family.

He returned home still less happy than ever. Restless and perplexed, he retired to his sleeping apartment, and threw himself upon his pillow. But it was long ere he could sleep. If for a moment he lost himself in slumber, a multitude of images passed before him, half real and half *imaginary, now thrilling him* with pleasure, then startling him with affright. At length wearied and exhausted, he fell asleep. When he awoke, he was deeply impressed with a dream, the out lines only of which he could recall. It seemed that he had been favored with the presence of the object which he sought. It had filled him with delight; and while still awake, his nerves thrilled with exquisite emotions.

But the name and form of this object he could not bring back to his memory. Whether, indeed, it had visited him as a thing of sight or sound, he could not tell. It seemed at one moment to be a being of form; and, as his fancy strove to recover the fleeting image, it would hover to his eye and then disappear.

Then some faint strain of recollected melody would appear to be the thing he had lost; but as he pursued it, it melted away. All that remained definite and certain in his mind, was an impression that the object necessary to his happiness had visited his imagination in sleep, bringing with it all the charms of beauty and melody, and casting around his spirit a spell of strange and enthralling power. —But fancying that he had now a clue to the mystery which had seemed to invole his existence, Vivian determined to unravel it in a practical manner. He was persuaded that if he were to meet the being of his dream, he should instantly recognise it, and thus discover the secret of his happiness. He resolved therefore to travel, and scrutinise every thing that came within his observation. We cannot follow him through all his wanderings. He visited foreign cities, and mingled in the gay world of fashion. He examined the various institutions of the countries through which he passed, saw remarkable edifices and localities, scanned paintings and statues, sought out the picturesque, ascended Mount Blanc for the sublime, and ranged the hills of Scotland for the romantic. In short, he made the great tour, and saw whatever a traveller should see. In two years he came back to his native country, improved in knowledge and refined in manners; but a melancholy shade upon his countenance declared that he had not found the object of his pursuit. Often, indeed, had he seemed for a moment about to discover the image which came in his dream, but suddenly the subtle thread by which he held it, was broken, and the resemblance flew away like a frighted bird. Yet every thing seemed to remind him of what he sought. In the look of some dark haired girl of Savoy—in the glance of a blue eyed shepherdess of the Rhine—in the soft language of a French maiden, in the ringing laugh of an English one—in the low unearthly notes of an Æolian harp—in the touching melody of musical glasses—in the voice of Madame Pasta, and in that of Mademoiselle Sontag—in the Sybil of Domenichino—in the Venus de Medici—in the mountains and rivers—in the blue air—the tinted cloud—the prismatic bow—in the lakes and lawns—in nature and art—in whatever gave him pleasure, there was something to restore his dream, something invisibly and mysteriously associated with the subject of it. Yet while every thing around him was thus stamped with its fresh foot-prints, its wing rustling in every breeze, its image dwelling in all that was beautiful, and its voice mingling in all that was melodious, still, still the evanescent being eluded his grasp, and cheated his pursuit.

He had been at home but a single day, when, as if by accident, he found himself approaching the cottage we have described. It was evening, and the moon shone as before upon the jessamine, when he last visited it. Again he heard the voice of Ellen; again he paused and listened. It was again the song of the redbreast that she was singing. A rush of recollections came to his mind. 'This,' said he, 'is surely the music of my dream?' He hastened to the cottage. Ellen met him at the door; and Vivian instantly recognised in her the heroine of his vision!

Let not the reader say our story is improbable. Vivian is not the only one who has been the subject of a dominion, that reigns for a time over every pulse, lives in every avenue to the heart, and by the legerdemain of youthful fancy, renders one object the seeming fountain from which all our pleasures flow. In short, there are others, as well as he, who have seen analogies in things, as unlike as a rainbow and a pretty girl!

We need not tell the rest. The lovers were married, and Vivian and Ellen consider their union, as a happy fulfilment of a remarkable dream.

And so long as dreams chance to be prompted by the wishes and purposes of lovers, it is probable events may make them prophetic.—*The Token.*

THE FISHERMAN'S BRIDE.

Merrily shouted the crowd, as the little fishing fleet was pushing off from the shore, and many a pretty damsel waved her kerchief to her sweet heart, and skillfully did the swain manœuvre to find favor with the cherished one. It was a gallant display. I have gazed upon the purple pageants of monarchs all glittering with gold, as they have proudly swept by, followed by a train of gaudy hirelings. I have seen the bravest armies of Europe, in all the pomp of martial panoply, looking nobly and soldier like, with the proud remembrance of deeds achieved. I have seen the hope of future conquest burning on each brow, and flashing from every eye, when he, the beacon of the battle, was reviewing them, the darling of the elite of the world's warriors--Napoleon Bonaparte. I have gazed upon this, and yet did I not feel as much, as on the rude preparations for the departure of this petty fishing fleet. The men were such noble, independent looking fellows; on every brow, nature had stamped in living characters, this is a man to be relied on. And their lady loves too, so simply dressed, and withal possessing somewhat of artless finery; and the hearty kisses which were so willingly granted, so virtuously, guilelessly returned. Oh 'twas a far more glorious sight than a tyrant's pageantry, or a conqueror's army. Just as this thought intruded itself, I was pretty smartly tapped upon the shoulder, by a fine young fellow, a fisherman, with whose parents I had been boarding. They were somewhat influential personages in the village, a sweet little place on the borders of Long Island Sound. "Come," said the young man, "you are fond of sights and you have a fine opportunity if you accompany us; we shall only be absent a few hours; the father of my bride is going with us to try my skill; will you go too?" To refuse would have been churlish. I consented; an aged, heavy built man came up, and said "Come George, it's time to shove off." Just at this moment a sweet blooming girl came tripping over the sands. She had been running fast, and her little budding bosom heaved up and down like the wavelets of a brook, when the scented zephyrs flutter over it. Her colour went and came, and she looked so confused and so pretty, it would have made a painters fortune to have looked upon her. "You have forgotten your handkerchief, George," said she, but her manner told that 'twas not the only thing he had forgotten. "Thank ye Mary," said George evidently uneasy, as he looked at me, with a curious sort of confusion. But the feelings of the lover overcame all scruples about propriety, and he folded the blushing, faintly struggling girl in his arms. I turned away, and passed my hand over my eyes, for I too had loved, but had never been beloved. "Come Sir," said George turning round to me, for he had been watching his Mary, who was now flying as though for life, but not till after she had reciprocated her lover's kiss--"Come sir--dont laugh, it's excusable you know, we're to be married to-morrow." I smiled and told him he was a happy fellow He wrung my hand, and wrung his father-in-law's hand, and wept--yes the rough fisherman wept, nor was he ashamed of it, for my manner told him that I sympathized with him.

We went on board; swiftly bounded the little skiff with the speed of an eagle rushing to its prey. We were in high spirits; a light breeze blew from the land and filled our little sails--suddenly the wind shifted, the boat gave a lurch, and one of the oars fell into the water--in attempting to save it, the old man fell overboard. George plunged after him--the old man was very corpulent, and besides, they both had on heavy fishermen's boots. By a lucky roll of the boat, the old man came within my reach and I pulled him into the skiff; but George had sunk—I watched for a few seconds with the most intense anxiety—at last he rose, and assisted by the old man who had somewhat recovered, I succeeded in dragging him into the boat--but all animation was gone, his fine features wore the dull, heavy guise of death, and his manly limbs were stretched out powerless. I hastily rowed for the shore—moments seemed ages; I yet had hope, but it appeared as though wind and wave had leagued to baffle it. At last I landed--a crowd soon collected; restoratives were applied, but all were ineffectual. Mary rushed through the crowd; she astonished me: instead of yielding to noisy grief, with all the eagerness of desperation, she assisted those who were endeavouring to restore her lover. It seemed as though the dead had been reserved for love; he slowly unclosed his eyes, his breast heaved with the turning principle of life. He leaped upon his feet, but the energy was short lived; he fell back again like a statue dashed from its pedestal. This was too much for poor Mary; the sudden gleam of hope, followed by its total extinction, was almost fatal to the poor creature—she fain-

During the whole of the time the old man had not spoken: his life's blood appeared to be frozen within; a stupid, horrible vacancy was in his fixed eye; but when Mary fell, he seemed like a man awakened from intoxication, by the lightning suddenly shivering something near him. The shrieks of the poor old man, were heart piercing. The insensible girl and the unfortunate lover were conveyed to a neighbouring cottage. It was found necessary, forcibly to secure the old man; he was raging mad! The sequel is short, but melancholy. Three days after, the old man died—he was buried in the same grave with poor George. Mary recovered, but it was to linger miserably: she was not mad, though many thought her so.—The poor girl wasted away to a mere skeleton. She lies by the side of her betrothed. I have wept for ye, poor unfortunates! for ye had true hearts—noble, though uncultivated minds.—*N. Y. Opera Glass.*

TURKISH WOMEN.

AND THE MODE OF PURCHASING THEM.

Translated from a new French Periodical for the Irish Shield.

At the present moment, when the eyes of all the world are fixed on the struggles between Russia and Turkey, the following observation, of a French Traveller, on the wretched condition of the female sex, in those eastern countries, subject to the barbarous sway of Mahometanism, may have some interest for the reader of the SHIELD. The hapless fate of oriental females has been often the subject of commiseration with the enlightened and generous mind. How often must the poor oriental females, view this land of liberty, with an envious eye, where the talents and virtues of the fair sex are justly appreciated, and where they sustain their proper rank in the scale of society—where

"——Generous love and reason jointly reign
And sense and virtue rivet beauty's chain;—
Nor guards nor bolts, their wavering faith secure,
But love that formed the vow, preserves it pure."

"The European, says the French writer, familiarized with the idea of the natural equality of the sexes, beholds with pity the miserable situation of the fairest portion of creation, throughout the Turkish Empire, and almost the whole continent of Asia,—he sees them degraded from being the associates of man, the charmers of his dull hours, and the ornaments of the social circle, to the rank of mere creatures of his will, and the slaves of his passion.

Controlled in all their inclinations, restrained in all their actions, watched over with indelicate observance, and forcibly compelled to regulate their lives and conduct so as to obtain the partial, and slightly determined favours of a boorish, imperious, and perhaps, detested master; exposed to insult and caprice, to the rage and torment of jealousy, or the hopelessness of ungratified desire;—in some instances torn from the arms of their weeping parents, from the care of their guardians, and solitudes of the friends of their youth;—cut off from hopes innocently but imprudently indulged, exposed to sale like the inferior classes of animals, and fluctuating, according to the lawless will of their lord, between the situation of his servant, or his mistress. The condition of women, even in the married state, exhibited in the most favourable point of view, cannot approach connubial happiness; they are the slaves of despots, who are strangers to all the noble affections of the heart. The wife cannot be seen abroad with her husband, nor he remain constantly at home with her. Shut up in the harem, disgusted with its unvaried scene, without knowledge of literature, or the arts, she has no relief but in the duties of her household and family. She can have no pleasure even in adorning her person with diamonds or shining silks, since however embellished by the grace of dress, it cannot excite other passion than envy in female bosoms.

The Turkish women are beautiful, though their beauty is of a different character from that of European females. Their eyes are blue and bland, their hair luxuriant—their faces fresh and rosy, and their persons, though too corpulent (a perfection in the opinion of a Turk) possess great symmetry of proportion.

I accompanied a German merchant, at Raffa, in the Crimea to the mart of slaves, where an Armenian, had exposed for sale two Circassian girls of the most exquisite loveliness. We feigned an intention of purchasing them, in order to gratify our curiosity, and ascertain the mode of conducting such inhuman sales. The maidens were introduced to us one after another. Their deportment was graceful and modest to diffidence. The first girl, presented, was in her fourteenth year; she was elegantly dressed, her face was covered with a veil, through which her blue eyes, as well as neck and shoulders that rivalled the parian marble in whiteness, shone like stars piercing a black cloud.—She advanced towards the German, bowed down, and kissed his hand; then, at the command of her master, she walked backwards and forwards in the tent to shew her fine shape, and the easiness of her carriage: she then raised her robe so as to shew the beautiful delicacy of a leg and foot that would have charmed a Praxiteles. When she took off her veil, our eyes were dazzled with a dimpled face, in which the lily and the rose were blended on the cheeks of blooming youthfulness. Her air was at once noble and modest, her gestures animating and dignified. Her tresses, as black as ebony, fell carelessly over her lovely breast, and when she smiled she discovered teeth of a dazzling whiteness and enamel.

She rubbed her cheeks with a wet napkin to prove that she had not used art to improve, or heigthen the bloom of her complexion. We were permitted to feel her pulse that we might be convinced of the good state of her health, and constitution. *She then retired, with all the* agility and grace of one of Diana's nymphs coming out of the fountain. Her attractive charms won the heart of my German friend, who purchased this lovely girl for four thousand piasters."

A CAFFER COURT OF JUSTICE.

ONE of Gaika's brothers had taken his place, as judge, when the former retired to give us audience. He was standing on a little hillock; in front of him was the prisoner seated on the ground; around on either side were the different prosecutors, who as they belonged to three different kraals, sat in as many groups, in each of which there appeared only one regular spokesman, although, occasionally, another would speak, to explain, as it were, what the other had perhaps stated obscurely. The crime was the common one, that of stealing cattle; the number stolen from the three kraals amounted to eight. The prisoner had for some time denied the charge, but after much arguing, and finding the proofs too strong, had just before we entered confessed the crime; and the debate at this moment was whether the full penalty of returning ten for one should be inflicted or not. The judge held forth with great volubility; and when he had finished, retired to a party who were regaling themselves with a beef steak. To him succeeded a counsellor, who spoke a few words, intimating that he should report the proceedings to Gaika. He returned in a very short time, and came immediately up to the party we were standing nearest to, who seemed to be the most vociferous and the most unbending. He endeavoured to prevail on them to take pity on the thief, alleging that the penalty would be his total ruin. To this it was objected that he had given them a great deal of trouble—that when taxed with the theft and the slaughter, he had imposed upon them by producing other hides, and they finally craved the full penalty of the law. The counsellor said, with a smile, that he found that he could make no impression, and he should proceed in his duty by again reporting to Gaika. On his return he waved a wand which he held in his hand in the most graceful manner, and in an instant silence was produced, and every head stretched out with listening ear to catch every word that he should utter. The scene was highly interesting and impressive, and the painter who would wish to represent a truly Roman character, would do well to study these living master-pieces of nature, instead of marble images of antiquity. The counsellor seemed to be between forty and fifty, above six feet high, stout made, but thin; his head was bare, his robe hung loose reaching down to the ankle, in which his left arm was folded, and his right arm and shoulder uncovered. He looked more like the hero of antiquity than ever Kemble did in his famed Coriolanus, and his action was more beautiful, because more natural and unstudied. His decision was, that the prisoner should pay eighty head for the eight he had stolen, and that he should be kept in the custody of the prosecutors until the cattle were delivered. Upon this the whole party arose, put on their korrosses, (for many had sat naked,) took up their bundles of assagais, and walked off in perfect silence. The whole was conducted with the utmost decorum.

Scenes in Caffer Land.

EXTRACT.

The heart of man, after it becomes sordid and worldly, retains many delicious sentiments of young remembrance, as the withered rose does the sweet perfume of its beautiful blushing; but of all the gentle affections of generous humanity, there is none that endureth longer, nor beareth fresher, so much of the pure, the excellent and the exquisite, as the gracious largeness of parental love. It is the artery that supplieth the quality of tenderness in the spirit of man; and all that hath the holy name of charity and mercy, draw some *portion of their virtue from its* ventricle. But in its flowing, there is a mystery to cause both wonder and sorrow; for often it engendereth but aches and anguish, and yet those to whom it is a fountain of such affliction, it would seem to give only an augmentation of delight—making them cling to their children, long after they have out-grown all need of care; yea, prompting them to encounter singular humiliations, and to fondle over them, even while they be fatally tainted with the foul plague spots of crime, as if they loved the more, because they esteem the less.

AN EATING WHALE.

To those who have been accustomed to pursuing and encountering these monsters of the deep, the above term will be readily understood; but many, very many who are at this distance from the ocean, and perhaps spend their whole lives without seeing one, would require some explanation. The following fact may not be uninteresting to some of those who can have but a faint idea of the manner in which the above Whale is taken.

Some few years ago, I was cruizing for Sperm Whales off the coast of Peru, and at the time, about a hundred leagues west of the city of Lima, a large one was discovered from the mast head, about four miles distant. All sail was made, and we soon reached the spot, and lowered two boats—the third being left on board to boil out (having a whale on board at the same time.) The boat in which I was stationed pulled directly up to the whale, and threw two harpoons into him. In an instant his ponderous flukes were in the air; and, with a tremendous struggle that convulsed all around, he descended like lightning in the foaming deep, to the depth of one hundred fathoms,

when he stopped suddenly and remained some time. At length the line, beginning to slack, denoted his coming up: when all things were made ready to receive him. The other boat lay about ten yards distant, and its crew not thinking he was up by a number of fathoms, found themselves at least fifteen feet in the air. The monster's jaws were wide open, and the boat only was between them and the crew. In less than a minute the boat was literally crushed to a thousand pieces. A young lad, about seventeen years old, (an excellent swimmer,) was last seen in the Whale's mouth—the other five, with a great deal of difficulty, were saved; although one of them could not swim. The weather being very rough, the ship had now drifted three miles to leeward. Having eleven men in one boat our situation became extremely critical, as the Whale appeared to use his endeavours to serve us the same as he had done the other boat. We however, by very expert management, having the oars double manned, kept him at bay, until he brought his enormous body in contact with the head of the boat, when a well pointed lance gave him his mortal wound. He now endeavoured to escape, but too late for him. In a few minutes the sea became crimsoned with his gore, and a more sublime sight cannot be conceived than one of those monstrous fish in the agonies of death. Their motions at this time are so quick that they sometimes come out of the water their whole length;—and when they fall, cause the ocean to tremble for miles around. NAVIGATOR.

THE PAINT KING.

W. ALLSTON.

Fair Ellen was long the delight of the young,
  No damsel could with her compare;
Her charms were the theme of the heart and the tongue,
And bards without number in ecstasies sung
  The beauties of Ellen the fair.

Yet cold was the maid; and though legions advanc'd,
  All drill'd by Ovidean art,
And languish'd, and ogled, protested and danc'd,
Like shadows they came, and like shadows they glanc'd
  From the hard polish'd ice of her heart.

Yet still did the heart of fair Ellen implore
  A something that could not be found:
Like a sailor she seem'd on a desolate shore,
With nor house, nor a tree, nor a sound but the roar
  Of breakers, high dashing around.

From object to object still, still would she veer,
  Though nothing, alas! could she find;
Like the moon, without atmosphere, brilliant and clear,
Yet doom'd, like the moon, with no being to cheer
  The bright barren waste of her mind.

But rather than sit like a statue so still,
  When the rain made her mansion a *pound*,
Up and down would she go, like the sails of a mill,
And pat every stair, like a woodpecker's bill,
  From the tiles of the roof to the ground.

One morn, as the maid from her casement inclin'd,
  Pass'd a youth, with a frame in his hand.
The casement she clos'd—not the eye of her mind;
For do all she could, no, she could not be blind:
  Still before her she saw the youth stand.

"Ah, what can he do?" said the languishing maid,
  "Ah, what with that frame can he do?"
And she knelt to the Goddess of Secrets, and pray'd;
When the youth pass'd again—and again he display'd
  The frame and a picture to view.

"Oh, beautiful picture," the fair Ellen cried,
  "I must see thee again, or I die."
Then under her white chin her bonnet she tied,
And after the youth and the picture she hied,
  When the youth, looking back, met her eye.

"Fair damsel," said he, (and he chuckled the while,)
  "This picture I see you admire;
Then take it I pray you; perhaps 'twill beguile
Some moments of sorrow, (nay, pardon my smile,)
  Or, at least keep you home by the fire."

Then Ellen the gift with delight and surprise,
  From the cunning young stripling receiv'd.
But she knew not the poison that enter'd her eyes,
When sparkling with rapture they gaz'd on her prize—
  Thus, alas! are fair maidens deceiv'd!

'Twas a youth o'er the form of a statue inclin'd,
  And the sculptor he seem'd of the stone;
Yet he languished as though for its beauty he pin'd,
And gazed as the eyes of the statue so blind
  Reflected the beams of his own.

'Twas the tale of the sculptor Pygmalion of old;
  Fair Ellen remember'd and sigh'd;
"Ah, couldst thou but lift from that marble so cold,
Thine eyes too imploring, thy arms should enfold,
  And press me this day as thy bride."

She said—when behold, from the canvass arose
  The youth and he stepp'd from the frame;
With a furious transport his arms did enclose
The love-plighted Ellen; and clasping, he froze
  The blood of his maid with his flame!

She turn'd and beheld on each shoulder a wing.
  "Oh Heaven! cried she, who art thou!"
From the roof to the ground did his fierce answer ring,
As, frowning, he thunder'd, "*I am the* PAINT-KING!
  And mine, lovely maid, thou art now!"

Then high from the ground did the grim monster lift
  The loud screaming maid like a blast;
And he sped through the air like a meteor swift,
While the clouds, wand'ring by him, did fearfully drift,
  To the right and the left as he pass'd.

Now suddenly sloping his hurricane flight,
  With an eddying whirl he descends;
The air all below him becomes black as night,
And the ground where he treads, as if mov'd with affright,
  Like the surge of the Caspian bends.

"I am here!" said the Fiend, and he thundering knock'd
  At the gates of a mountainous cave;
The gates open flew, as by magic unlock'd,
While the peaks of the mount, reeling to and fro, rock'd
  Like an island of ice on the wave.

"Oh, mercy!" cried Ellen, and swoon'd in his arms;
  But the PAINT-KING, he scoff'd at her pain.
"Prithee, love!" said the monster, "what mean these alarms?"
She hears not, she sees not the terrible charms,
  That work her to horror again.

She opens her lids, but no longer her eyes
  Behold the fair youth she would woo;
Now appears the PAINT KING in his natural guise;
His face like a palette of villanous dyes,
  Black and white, red and yellow, and blue.

On the skull of a Titan, that Heaven defied,
  Sat the fiend, like the grim Giant Gog,
While aloft to his mouth a huge pipe he applied,
Twice as big as the Eddystone Lighthouse, descried
  As it looms through an easterly fog.

And anon, as he puff'd the vast volumes, were seen,
  In horrid festoons on the wall,
Legs and arms, heads and bodies, emerging between,
Like the drawing room grim of the Scotch Sawney Beane,
  By the Devil dress'd out for a ball.

"Ah me!" cried the damsel, and fell at his feet,
  "Must I hang on these walls to be dried!"
"Oh no," said the fiend, while he sprung from his seat,
"A far nobler fortune thy person shall meet;
  Into paint will I grind thee, my bride."

Then, seizing the maid by her dark auburn hair,
  An oil jug he plung'd her within,
Seven days, seven nights, with the shrieks of despair
Did Ellen in torment convulse the dun air,
  All covered with oil to the chin!

On the morn of the eighth, on a huge sable stone,
  Then, Ellen, all reeking, he laid;
With a rock for his muller he crushed every bone,
But, though ground to a jelly, still, still did she groan;
  For life had forsook not the maid.

Now reaching his pallet, with masterly care
  Each tint on its surface he spread;
The blue of her eyes, and the brown of her hair,
And the pearl and the white of her forehead so fair,
  And her lips' and her cheeks' rosy red.

Then, stamping his foot, did the monster exclaim,
  "Now I brave, cruel Fairy, thy scorn!"
When, lo! from a chasm, wide-yawning, there came
A light, tiny chariot, of rose-coloured flame
  By a team of ten glow-worms upborne.

Enthron'd in the midst, on an emerald bright,
  Fair Geraldine sat without peer;
Her robe was a gleam of the first blush of light,
And her mantle the fleece of a noon-cloud white,
  And a beam of the moon was her spear.

In an accent that stole on the still charmed air,
  Like the first gentle language of Eve,
Thus spake from her chariot the Fairy so fair:
"I come at thy call; but, oh, PAINT-KING! beware,
  Beware! if again you deceive."

"'Tis true," said the monster, "thou queen of my heart,
  Thy portrait I oft have essay'd;
Yet ne'er to the canvass could I with my art
The least of thy wonderful beauties impart;
  And my failure with scorn you repaid.

"Now I swear by the light of the Comet-King's tail!"
  And he tower'd with pride as he spoke,
"If again with these magical colours I fail,
The crater of Etna shall hence be my jail,
  And my food shall be sulphur and smoke.

"But if I succeed, then, oh, fair Geraldine!
  Thy promise with justice I claim,
And thou, queen of Fairies, shalt ever be mine,
The bride of my bed; and thy portrait divine
  Shall fill all the earth with my fame."

He spake; when, behold, the fair Geraldine's form
  On the canvass enchantingly glow'd;
His touches—they flew like the leaves in a storm;
And the pure pearly white and the carnation warm
  Contending, in harmony flow'd.

And now did the portrait a twin sister seem
To the figure of Geraldine fair;
With the same sweet expression did faithfully teem
Each muscle, each feature; in short, not a gleam
Was lost of her beautiful hair.

Twas the Fairy herself! but, alas! her blue eyes
Still a pupil did ruefully lack;
And who shall describe the terrific surprise
That seiz'd the PAINT-KING when, behold, he descries
Not a speck on his palette of black!

I am lost!" said the Fiend, and he shook like a leaf;
When, casting his eyes to the ground,
He saw the lost pupils of Ellen with grief
In the jaws of a mouse, and the sly little thief
Whisk away from his sight with a bound.

I am lost!" said the Fiend, and he fell like a stone;
Then rising the Fairy in ire,
With a touch of her finger she loosen'd her zone,
While the limbs on the wall gave a terrible groan,)
And she swelled to a column of fire.

Her spear, now a thunder-bolt flash'd in the air,
And sulphur the vault fill'd around:
She smote the grim monster; and now by the hair,
High lifting, she hurl'd him in speechless despair
Down the depths of the chasm profound.

Then over the picture thrice waving her spear,
"Come forth!" said the good Geraldine;
When, behold, from the canvass, descending, appear
Fair Ellen, in person more lovely than e'er,
With grace more than ever divine!

LORD ELDON, the late high Chancellor of England, in 1817, while giving judgment in the case of the managers of Drury Lane Theatre, against a female opera singer, for having violated her articles, by getting drunk, observed, that "when he was in the common pleas, he recollected a question, relative to the amount of the nightly wages that should be stopped from each actress, in proportion to the *state of intoxication* in which she appeared; and, gentlemen," continued his lordship, "you must consider that one drunken *lady* is sufficient to destroy the interests of any theatre."

A curious scene took place at an auction sale last week, at a house in Winfred's Dale, near this city. The sale was numerously and most respectably attended; and the Auctioneer, a highly respectable tradesman of this city, was putting up a lot of crockery and brown ware, and amongst the rest, a large earthenware *flower pan*. The lot was extensive, and the latter article afforded admirable scope for a *flowery* display of eloquence from the rostrum, which was, however, unfortunately frustrated by one of those casualties which no human foresight can guard against, and no human experience be prepared for. The porter, it seems, happened to lift up the cover of the pan, when out jumped upon the table, four fine fat mice, who not being prepared for the reception of so large and distinguished a company, took the speediest steps possible to get clear off and elude all observation. Perhaps, the consternation which their appearance had excited, favoured their manœuvres; for the screams of ladies and the confusion of the whole company are perfectly indescribable. Some fainted, some fell into hysterics, and some flew to the rostrum for protection. The auctioneer gallantly rendered all the assistance in his power, but as gallantly resisted any invasion of this his peculiar prescriptive territory by professional right. Meantime the pursuit of the intruders was still vigorously followed up amidst incessant din and uproar, but with very moderate success. One of the little gluttons, however, fell a victim to his own temerity and corpulence, but the other three were more fortunate, and escaped in the midst of the confusion of noise and motion.—A full half-hour elapsed before the business of the sale could be resumed, and another half-hour had passed over, when one of the company, a lady, began to manifest symptoms of restless uneasiness, as if she felt some live creature running about her person. Her suspicions were too true, for on giving her dress a good shaking one of the mice, who, it seems, knew the advantage of "flying to a petticoat for protection in the hour of danger," was dislodged and instantly met the fate which his impropriety of behavior and presumption so justly merited. *Bath Herald.*

THE EMERALD.

BALTIMORE...SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1828.

THE SOUVENIRS.—We have been favoured by a friend, with the loan of Mr. GOODRICH's beautiful annual, edited by WILLIS. From a casual glance at its superfices, we are induced to consider *The Token*, as one of the most meritorious of the fair sisterhood of Souvenirs. We have not perused it yet, but the brilliant talents of its editor, and the well known ability of its contributors, are enough to ensure the excellence of the writing—The plates are of the first order, and many of them are equal to the best English engravings. We may take an early opportunity, to examine the contents of the volume.

The Pearl is a very clever Souvenir, published in Philadelphia. Its character is of a lower order than the *Atlantic Souvenir* and *The Token*—having been got up with less expense;—but it seems to be a work of merit, and is well calculated to supply the want which has existed, of cheaper Souvenirs for those persons who are unable to sustain great expense.

SUMNER L. FAIRFIELD.—We have been favoured lately with a most delicious repast, by some kind friend, who has sent to us a handbill, filled with the vilest abuse of Mr. FAIRFIELD. We are not personally acquainted with Mr. F. and have nothing to do with his reputation, as a man. As a poet we esteem him, and as a poet we commune with him. Thus far, we are acquainted. But what motive any person could have, in sending his scum to us, we cannot conceive;—and if we may be allowed to judge of the correctness of the several allegations, proffered against the man, by the futility of one of them, then we are inclined to disbelieve them all; or, at least, to give no heed to the colouring in which they appear. Mr. Fairfield is accused, and by John Neal, senior editor of the Yankee, of borrowing money of Lafayette, while in Europe, and of travelling at his expense, &c. Now Lafayette has expressly denied the fact of any American having borrowed money of him—we believe with one exception, of three or four francs. We are sorry that Mr. Fairfield is so poor, in worldly goods, as to make him in any way the beggar of a pitiless public, whose praise is not worth having, and whose smile is a pictured falsehood.

THEATRICAL.—Mr. Warren is about closing his unsuccessful theatrical campaign in Baltimore. Never was the capriciousness of the public more remarkably evinced in dramatic affairs, than it has been in our city for the few past weeks. During the last season, a company of actors of far inferior merit to the present, attracted overflowing houses, and the manager's pockets were filled, with all the liberality of public patronage. This year, every exertion has been made, to secure the good will of the play-going gentry, and each endeavour has failed, in proportion to the strength of the enterprise. Why is this change of public sentiment? We have, heretofore, given the surest evidence of theatrical taste, by encouraging good acting, and then are suddenly lost to all feeling on the subject. The united talents of Mrs. SLOMAN and Mr. COOPER, have been almost entirely thrown away upon us; and we question whether they have, in a single instance, drawn four hundred dollars to the house. There are many individuals, who are half mad to procure a *French* company at the theatre. This end they would attain, by obtaining subscriptions. And what may we suppose can be the motives of such people, supposing them to be Americans?—Why, to shew themselves in the boxes, and to let the world know that they understand French, and have the faculty of comprehending, in a foreign language, what they are incapable of perceiving in their own. Nothing under heavens else, could lead them to desire a French stage in a city, that will not support its own legitimate drama. If this state of things is to last, it would be an act of humanity to tear down the theatre, and no longer hold out temptations to the players, which are found to be ruinous and discouraging.

PAUL PRY AND THE TIMES.—The editors of this paper, conclude one of their *original* articles with the following query:—"Now, what with the drafts on his brain, and the drafts on his patience, and the drafts on his pockets,—is'nt Mr. Editor a poor devil?"

We had determined to remain silent, on the subject of literary theft—but Mr. Pry has so frequently *intruded* upon our columns, that we are obliged to cut him short at once. Would it not have appeared more honest in him, to have *dropped in* the words, "and the drafts on the columns of other papers?"—Truly, an editor is a "poor devil," when he so palpably steals from his exchange papers, and palms the articles off on the public, as "drafts" upon his own brain. Your first number, Mr. Pry, sprang almost altogether from the *brains* of the Emerald, and nearly every succeeding number, has fattened on its marrow. *Pry, if you please, but do not rob and steal.* Hoping you may get a *lashing, for our article on Madame Royall*, which you have unwisely fathered, we bid you good morning.

NEW MUSIC.—G. Willig, of Baltimore, has, this last week, issued the following new publications:—"D'ici voyez ce beau domaine," from the opera of La dame Blanche, by Boieldieu; "Polly put the kettle on," arranged as a rondo for juvenile performers, by Meineke; and "A soldier's the lad I adore," as sung by Miss Rock, on the night of her benefit—words and accompaniments by Hewitt. The above pieces are all worthy the attention of our musical friends.

Duck Shot.—A gentleman residing on the Rappahannock river, is said lately to have shot at *eighty* blue-wing ducks & killed *seventy-four*. He must have used a long gun.

Clara Fisher.—An elegant engraved Portrait of this accomplished young actress, is forthcoming at New-York.

A long Yarn.—Sabrina Brooks, aged fifteen years, the 29th of last May, daughter of Stephen C. Brooks, at the Whitehall, spun and reeled on the nineteenth day of July last, between the rising and setting of the sun, five runs and forty threads of good warp yarn!

A Steamer.—The government of the Netherlands have ordered the construction of a three decked steamboat, 250 feet in length, to have *four* masts and a bowsprit. The cost is estimated at 800,000 florins.

Oyster Bank.—A new company is about to be formed in New-York, entitled, "The York Bank Oyster Company," with a capital of $50,000. Its principal object is to improve the breed of Oysters, and secure to the epicures of the metropolis, a plentiful supply. It is asked whether the stockholders will take their dividends in oysters?

POETRY.

FOR THE EMERALD.

SERENADE.

Maiden! awake from thy slumbers,
  Nature is smiling alone,
Love gives his wings to my numbers,
  Claiming them all as his own.
Stars in the Heavens are gleaming,
  Silence reigns over the sea;
Even the billows seem dreaming,
  Warmly and fondly of thee.

Maiden of Love! though thy bower
  Long hath been lovely and wild,
Many a sweet-scented flower,
  On my fond bosom hath smiled.
Oh!—if there's language in numbers,
  Fairest!—I call upon thee;
Wake from thy roseate slumbers;
  Look from thy lattice on me. LEANDER.

FOR THE EMERALD.

FAREWELL TO BRADFORD.

Bradford, sweet, celestial spot,
Where science sheds her ray benign,
Ne'er shall thy precepts be forgot,
While memory cheers this heart of mine.

Sweet spot, where thought is taught to rise,
And kind instruction points the way;
Where learning all her skill applies,
To guide young genius' dawning ray—

Dear are thy inmates, dear each scene,
Which memory fondly shall retrace,
While fancy views through time's dark screen,
Pleasures, it never may efface.

Farewell, fond spot—each friend, farewell;
And though on earth we *meet* no more,
Yet may we join where pleasures dwell,
Eternal on a happier shore. LYSANDER.

FOR THE EMERALD.

RAIL ROAD SONG.

The ditches are filled, and the hills are cut through,
Like the birds in the air our course we pursue;
And though fleetly we speed, and though far we may rove,
Yet so gently we go, we scarce feel that we move.
Heigh diddle, High diddle, Ho!

O'er water falls, bogs, marshes, swamps, and so forth—
There is naught which impedes—on our course we go forth;
And now round the base of high mountains we wind—
They stop not our way—see! we have left them behind.
Heigh diddle, &c.

So life is a rugged way—labours immense—
But it can be smooth'd with small care and expense.
Though some of ambition and glory may bawl,
Contentment's the Rail Road of Life after all.
Heigh diddle, &c.

It fills up its valleys of sorrow and wo,
And the mounds of misfortune it moves and lays low;
And as gladly we fly in our new course along,
The heart lightly grows, and breaks forth in its song!
Heigh diddle, &c.

But there is one spot in this rough road of life
Which nothing can level—a henpecking wife!
Then pardon the fellow who ungears his team,
And conquers the route by resorting to *steam!*
Heigh diddle. B.

SONG.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"Oh cast thou not
Affection from thee! on this bitter world
Hold to thy heart that only treasure fast;
Watch—guard it—suffer not a breath to dim
The bright gem's purity."

If thou hast crush'd a flower,
  The root may not be blighted;
If thou hast quench'd a lamp,
  Once more it may be lighted;
But on thy harp or on thy lute,
  The string which thou hast broken,
Shall never in sweet sound again
  Give to thy touch a token.

If thou hast loos'd a bird,
  Whose voice of song could cheer thee,
Still, still, he may be won
  From the skies to warble near thee;
But if upon the troubled sea,
  Thou hast thrown a gem unheeded,
Hope not that wind or roar shall bring
  The treasure back when needed.

If thou hast bruis'd a vine,
  The Summer's breath is healing,
And its cluster yet may grow
  Through the leaves their bloom revealing.
But if thou hast a cup overthrown
  With a bright draught filled—Oh never
Shall Earth give back that lavish'd wealth,
  To cool thy parch'd lips' fever.

The heart is like that cup,
  If thou waste the love it bore thee,
And like that jewel gone,
  Which the deep will not restore thee:
And like that string of harp or lute
  Whence the sweet sound is scattered;
Gently, oh! gently touch the chords
  So soon for ever shattered.

UNAMBITIOUS LOVE.

Do I not feel a burning glow
  Steal o'er my cheek when he appears?
Do not his parting words bestow
  A secret pang too deep for tears?
Have not the dreams which love endears,
  Each calmer joy and hope removed?
Oh! no;—my griefs, my doubts, my fears,
  Alone have vanished since I loved;
Since, like the dove of peace, content
Was to my troubled bosom sent.

He leaves me, yet I weep not;—no!
  I court no cause for fruitless pain;
True as the light of day, I know
  That he will come to me again.
And months may pass, nay years—in vain,
  Before our bridal torch shall burn;
And would you have me still complain,
  And mar with tears his loved return?
Nay! dearest, nay! calm, patient love,
Nor grief should tire, nor absence move.

Mark you, beneath yon hill's gray brow,
  A fringe of ancient elms?—'Tis there
He dwells. And when I gaze, as now,
  I gather from the summer air,
Tidings of *him*, and promise fair
  Of days, when that dear home will hold
Each breathing thing, that moves my care
  In one secure and sacred fold!
Say then—should wayward melancholy,
Mingle with hopes so sweet, so holy?

I know, that from the hour I kneel
  Before the altar never more
The world's gay splendours will repeal
  For me, the charm which once they wore.
No glittering garb must mantle o'er
  My wedded heart,—no pearly string,—
No garland round my brow's, restore
  The faded treasures of the spring;
He boasts that woman's loveliness
Shews purest in the matron dress!

What then!—the crowd, the wreathing dance,
  The mimic scene, the festal sons
Denied,—joy swells in lovelier haunts,
  And shuns, like him, the prating throng.
And still, our native vales among,
  Together we shall range the woods,
And in sweet fancy commune long
  With mountains vast and foaming floods;
Finding while hand in hand we go,
A brighter Eden spread below.

You mock my homely joys? smile on!
  I cannot dream beneath the skies
A brighter scene,—a happier one—
  Than the dear home which you despise.
And think what sweeter hopes will rise,
  When children hang around my knee,
And tears spring up into his eyes,
  As he enfolds his babes and me
In the long, close embrace,—that blends
The love of "country, home, and friends."

Together, through our infant bloom,
  Through life's meridian lustre thrown;
Through age's lingering years of gloom,
  May neither cling to earth, *alone!*
His kin are kindred to my own,
  His joys below, his hopes of heaven,
Are mine;—and when to mercy's throne
  We kneel, in trust to be forgiven,
May the Almighty Judge decree
For us, one bright eternity!

TO NIGHT.

I LOVE thee, mournful, sober-suited Night,
  When the faint moon, yet lingering in her wane,
And veil'd in clouds, with pale, uncertain light
  Hangs o'er the waters of the restless main.
In deep depression sunk, th' enfeebled mind
  Will to the deaf, cold elements complain,
  And tell th' imbosom'd grief, however vain,
To sullen surges and the viewless wind:
Tho' no repose on thy dark breast I find,
  I still enjoy thee, cheerless as thou art;
  For in thy quiet gloom th' exhausted heart
Is calm, though wretched; hopeless, though resigned:
While to the winds and waves its sorrows given,
May reach—though lost on earth—the ear of Heaven!

The Emerald and Baltimore Literary Gazette, is printed and published every Saturday, by BENJAMIN EDES, at the north-east corner of Calvert and Market streets, at THREE DOLLARS per annum, payable in advance....Edited by RUFUS DAWES.

☞BOOK AND JOB PRINTING, of every description, done in the best manner at the Emerald office.